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WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo, my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brooks that spring in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly in the sky
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

A Fair Fortune Hunter.

"Are you better to-day, Arthur? No; I see that the cough still hangs on."

It was a small sky-lighted room in the upper story of the house—a room plainly furnished were it not for the glow and beauty of the various unframed oil paintings hanging around the wall, betokening an artist's studio. An easel stood in the middle of the room with a half-finished picture on the rests, and a portfolio of sketches occupied the table.

Arthur Dorrilon lay on a sofa before the fire, wrapped in a shabby dressing-gown. He would have been handsome if the extreme pallor and pinched rigidity of his features had allowed. Blueyed, with dark brown hair, and a wistful, sensitive mouth; you could scarcely fail to see at the first glance that he was ill fitted to cope with the rough realities of life. He should have been "born in the purple," instead of which it was his destiny to struggle for daily bread!

His mother sat knitting by the window; a brisk, little old woman, with silver hair parted under the whitest of muslin caps, and a complexion as fresh as a girl's, in spite of its many fine-seamed wrinkles. But there was a singular lack of expression in the wide-open azure eyes; Mrs. Dorrilon was stone blind.

Aubrey Moore had come into the melancholy little room like a gleam of sunshine, with his stately presence and cherry voice. He was one of those who carry with them a wonderous invisible magnetism—and, though the raven curls that overhang his brow were already threaded here and there with sorrow, he was darkly handsome as one of Byron's heroes.

"It has been a bad day with Arthur," said the old lady, sighing.—"This east wind always seems to aggravate his cough, and, besides, he has a severe headache."

"In other words," said Aubrey, "he is a barometer who reflects the the state of the weather."

"Does it still rain?" asked Dorrilon, languidly.

"Like a deluge—the wind blows most dismally through the deserted streets."

"The worse for me," said the young artist, rising and preparing to change his shabby dressing-gown for a shabbier coat.

"But you are not going out, Dorrilon?"

"I must. I give a lesson to Mrs. Seymour at twelve, and it is half-past eleven already."

"Mrs. Seymour will not expect you in such weather as this!"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Seymour is the most exacting of all my pupils; a whimsical fine lady, whose last freak is art, and, were I to disappoint her in so much as a delay of five minutes, the upshot would be a polite dismissal."

"Then let her dismiss you; a woman has no right to be as unreasonable as that."

Dorrilon shook his head with a smile and a sigh.

"That is all very well, Aubrey Moore; but I am a poor artist with an empty purse, and Mrs. Seymour's dollar a lesson happens to be a trifle with which I cannot well afford to dispense."

A paroxysm of coughing cut short his sentence here; he sat down, pressing one wasted hand to his side.

"But, man, you will be committing suicide! Here I was to buy one of those pictures, cash down.—What's your price? Mind, it's to be understood in the bargain that you stay at home to-day, Mrs. Seymour or no Mrs. Seymour."

"No, Aubrey," said the young man resolutely, "your rooms are already over-crowded with my poor daubs. I cannot let patronage degenerate into charity. As long as I can earn money, I will not accept alms."

"Well, look here, Dorrilon, you will admit that I am a pretty tolerable amateur artist myself?"

"So good a one that I cannot put any credence in your anxiety to possess more of my efforts."

"Give me that portfolio. I will go to Mrs. Seymour and give the lesson in your stead to day, while you remain by the fire and recruit."

Dorrilon hesitated, but a second fit of coughing seemed to decide the matter.

Moore took the portfolio from him with gentle authority.

"It's Mrs. Seymour of Gilliflower place, isn't it? I'll make your excuses, old fellow."

And he was going before Dorrilon could express his thanks or plead any objection.

"This is just like Aubrey Moore," said the old lady earnestly. "He has the kindest heart and the noblest impulses in the world. And now, Arthur, lie down again. Heaven knows you need the rest."

A bright fire of anthracite coal was burning in the polished grate in Mrs. Seymour's "studio," No. 19 Gilliflower place. For Mrs. Seymour, apt to go off in unaccountable tangents, was just now enthusiastically devoted to oil paintings.

"Such a divine art!", she sighed with a shake of her flaxen curls.—"When one thinks of Rembrandt and Rosa Bonheur, and all them dear delightful creatures, one is actually inspired, as it were."

It was altogether a different apartment from Dorrilon's studio.

Curtains of crimson satin cast roseate shadows on the white velvet carpet; tinted walls glowed with rare paintings and became instinct with the marble life dainty statuetts; japenicas and flame-hearted roses gleamed from costly painted vases, and inlaid tables groaned beneath their weight of expensive *bijouterie.*

For Mrs. Seymour was rich, and Mrs. Seymour didn't fairly know what to do with her money.

"Ill, is he? Dear me, how unfortunate—and then, you see, such people haven't any business to be ill. Oh—you are his substitute—very well, then, it don't matter so much."

Mrs. Seymour's face brightened up from its first aspect of cloud as Mr. Moore ceremoniously opened his japanned box and put down the portfolio.

"I am so anxious to finish that dear, delightful 'Dying Brigand' before my next reception night," she lisped; "and Dr. Brayne says disappointments are very bad for my nerves. So we'll begin, if you please, Mr,—a—a—Morris."

Aubrey smiled within himself—it was just as well that the languid fine lady should forget his name.

As he leaned over the back of her chair, directing the erratic course of her brush, voices twitted in the next room, of which the door was slightly ajar.

"I beg you won't start so, Mr. Morris," said Mrs. Seymour, irritably. "You have no idea of the sensitive state of my nervous system! It's only my sister and her friend, and they'll not disturb us. I never allow any one to interrupt my painting lesson."

Kate Seymour was a stranger to Aubrey Moore, but surely—surely he recognized the other voice.

It was Ninia Brooke's silvery, wire-like treble—the same he had somehow connected in his mind with all that was sweet and tender and womanly.

"I'm glad you've come, Ninia," said Kate. "It was such a stupid rainy day, and Lucretia is devoted to her horrid painting. That's right, bring out your embroidery, and now tell me all about the party. Was *ce cher* Aubrey there?"

"Of course he was—and all devotion. Oh, it was funny to see how jealous poor Archie Vane was."

"Yes; but Ninia—between our selves now, don't you think you have treated Archie rather shabbily?"

"Nonsense—he'll get over it. No man ever yet died of a broken heart. Archie was very well as long as there was nobody else, but Mr. Moore is twice as rich, and I do relish the idea of diamonds and my own carriage."

"But they say Mr. Moore is no longer young?"

"Well," said Ninia, indifferently, he is old, but then, you see, he'll leave me a charming young widow all the sooner."

"Mr. Marbury!" ejaculated the indignant Mrs. Seymour. "I beg you will pick up that color box - I am really surprised to see that nothing is broken. I don't see how you could have been so careless."

"It shall not occur again, madam," said Aubrey, biting his lip, and bearing Mrs. Seymour's reproaches with divided attention.—Was this the single-hearted, spirituelle young creature whom he had almost—resolved to make his wife?

"Well, my dear, and when shall I be able to congratulate you?" went on Miss Kate Seymour, demurely.

"Oh, very soon, I hope, if all goes right. He certainly does seem very much infatuated, and with a little skilful maneuvering he must come to the proposing point within a week at farthest."

'There's no fool like an old fool," quoted Kate mischievously.

"No, indeed, that's very true," returned Ninia, with the utmost gravity. "I wish, Kate, you'd lend me a skein of the blue floss. I have only two shades, and I want three."

"There, Mr. Martin," cried the fine lady, triumphantly stepping back a pace or two to get a full view of her picture. "I do really think I've put in that bit of shadow very prettily!"

"Very," said Aubrey Moore, scarce knowing what he was talking about.

"Kate! Kate!" called out Mrs. Seymour. "Come here and look at my picture. I've improved it very much in this lesson. If I could only get that delicious dead look in the brigand' face!"

Aubrey Moore flushed and hesitated; but he could not run away, neither could he creep under the table, so he boldly stood his ground, leaning against the wall, with palette and mahl stick in hand, as Kate Seymour and her friend, Miss Brooke, entered in response to his pupil's exultant call.

"Yes, it's very pretty," said Kate, who had not much taste for the fine arts. "Don't you think, Ninia—but bless me, what's the matter?"

She might well ask, for the fair face toward which she turned her glance had grown pale as ashes.

"Miss Brooke is naturally surprised at the unexpected apparition of an old acquaintance in the capacity of painting-teacher" said Mr. Moore, coming to Ninia's aid with a cool courteous bow. "But as my friend Dorrilon was ill, and unable to fulfill his appointment, Mrs. Seymour kindly allows me to take his place this once, sooner than lose her lesson."

Mrs. Seymour stared. Kate looked puzzled. Ninia could have sunk into the floor with embarrassment and mortification. The door had stood ajar. Mr. Moore must certainly have had the benefit of every word of their conversation!

Had she stood so near success in her brilliant matrimonial plans to be foiled at last, and by her own fault? She bit her scarlet lip until the blood came.

"Miss Brooke," went on Aubrey, politely, as he rectified with his brush an error in the fore-shortening of the "Dying Brigand's" arm, "I believe I had made an appointment to call on you this afternoon. Under the circumstances" (he looked intently at her as he spoke these words) "you will scarcely blame me, if I request to be excused from keeping it. Mrs. Seymour, I believe our lesson has exceeded its usual length by some minutes."

Mrs. Seymour glanced at the little clock, embowered in malachite fern leaves, all veined and powdered with gold, and murmured an assent.

"If you will pay me the dollar I will convey it to my friend Dorrilon, who will, I trust, himself to be able to give you the next lesson on Wednesday. Thank you, madam."

And Aubrey Moore, worth at the lowest calculation, seventy thousand dollars, as Miss Ninia Brooke had often computed, pocketed the dollar bill, and, bowing a respectful adieu to the three ladies, left the luxurious mansion in Gilliflower place.

He had given a lesson, but he had also received one, and grateful was he for the revelation that had come just in time to prevent his becoming the prey to a heartless fortune hunter.

In this case a kind action had been its own reward.

Repair Shop on the Farm.

Every farmer who has any mechanical genius should have some place where in rough or stormy weather he can go in and make such repairs on his farm implements as his knowledge of mechanics will enable him to do well. If the farm be large and the farmer skilful, it pays to have a small building by itself, where not only carpenters' tools are to be found, but also a blacksmith's forge, with a few of the most important tools. The farmer who can turn his hand so as to use successfully both the carpenter's plane and the blacksmith's hammer, is truly fortunate, because it enables him to not only mend his farm implements during leisure hours in the winter, but it also enables him to repair a sudden breakdown in the busy season, much quicker than he usually could if he had to depend on others living at distance. It is not, however, good policy for the farmer to turn his attention so much to mechanics as to neglect his farm, there is a point beyond which it is neither profitable or good policy to go.

Farming should be the principal business of the farmer's life; to this occupation he should give his principal and his best thoughts; whatever other business he may engage in, he should treat as a side business, and never let it interfere with his principal business. He who lets the weeds grow while he is building a wagon, had better be without a repair shop, but he who only spends his leisure hours in repairing farm implements, will find his repair shop among his best investments.

On a farm where there is a family of boys the repair shop is a necessity, if the boys are to receive thorough instruction, and the farm is to be made attractive. The boy who is able to make his own sled feels an independence which is unknown to the boy who has never had an opportunity to become acquainted with the use of tools, and when he has a farm of his own the practice which the repair shop gave him, will enable him to readily make most of the repairs on the farm, and if he has leisure, make many new improvements. A repair shop should always be a building by itself, because if in connection with others, it increases the risk of fire, and makes the rate of insurance very much higher.

True and Faithful.

"Charlie! Charlie" clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell, the voice rippled over the common. "That's mother," cried one of the boys, and be instantly threw down his bat and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet! Have it out!"

"Finish this game! Try it again!" cried the players in noisy chorus.

"I must go—right off—this minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear!" they exclaimed.

"But I did hear."

She won't know you did."

"But I know it and"—

"Let him go" saw a bystander, "you can't do any anything with him; he's tied to his mother's apron-strings."

"That's so," said Charles, and it's to what every boy ought to be tied, and in a hard knot, too."

"I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called."

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes. "I call that manly; and the boy who don't keep his word to her will never keep it to any one else—you see if he does;" and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charlie Gray is a prosperous business man in a great city and his mercantile friends say of him that his word "is his bond." We asked him how he acquired such a reputation. "I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great a temptation, and the habits formed then have clung to me through life."

An exchange remarks that, "the best teachers are those who learn something new themselves every day," so we announce this day that several thousand important cures have been made by the use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Tedious Talkers.

How many tedious talkers one is forced to tolerate in the highways and byways of society! They commence a sentence and pause, make a great account of a prolonged "and," use a word and then exchange it for another, and consume so much precious time that, the listener becoming impatient, what they say is deemed small compensation for the time occupied. Surrounded by bright spirits, all of whom have something to say well worth the hearing, it is insufferably annoying to be obliged to sit outwardly calm and respectful and listen to long-drawn sentences, the pith of whose meaning could have been expressed in a few well chosen words. It may be said in extenuation that all have not the power to talk right on." But the habit of talking well may be acquired. In the first place, one must be sure he has something to say before monopolizing the time which might otherwise be profitably and pleasantly employed; and then, in a few simple, well-adapted words, bear part in the general conversation.—The wiser and more educated the society in which one finds himself, the less the necessity of robbing the dictionary for its polysyllables. The best one has to say, is best said in the simplest manner, for all love that "talk" which seems the natural overflow of the mind. Also discard all desire to shine, and listen with respectful attention when others speak.

Horse Physiognomy.

A horse's head indicates his character very much as a man's does. Vice is shown in the eye and mouth; intelligence in the eye and in the breadth between the ears and between the eyes; spirit in the eye and in the pose in the noble nostril, and active ear. The size of the eye, the thinness of the skin, making the face bony, the large, open, thin-edged nostril, the fine ear, and the thin, fine mane and fore-top are indications of high breeding and accompany a high strung, nervous organization, which, with good limbs and muscular power, insures a considerable degree of speed in the animal. The stupidly, lazy horse, that drivers call a "lunk-head," has a dull eye usually, narrow forehead, and contracted poll. He is always a blunderer, forgets himself, and stumbles on smooth ground, gets himself and his owner into difficulties, balks himself, is sometimes positively lazy, but often a hard goer. He needs constant care and watchfulness on the driver's part. A buyer of equine flesh should be able to detect the good and bad qualities of the animal he contemplates purchasing. This valuable knowledge is only acquired by a careful study of the various parts of the horse physiognomy.—American Agriculturist.

The World's Money.

A statement just made by the Director of the Mint, says a Washington dispatch, gives some interesting facts about the money circulation of the world. But one country in the world has as much circulation as this, and the average amount per head of population in this country is nearly two and a half times as great as throughout the civilized world generally. In other words, the amount of paper and metallic circulating medium in this country is $1,745,000,000, or more than double the amount in Great Britain and Ireland, though not quite so much as France has, the total there being $1.990,000,000.

France has certainly a wonderful ability to make money and keep it at home. Not only has she paid her immense war indemnity within the past few years, but she has now a greater amount of money in circulation than any other country in the world and a larger sum per head of population. The average amount of money in active circulation per head in France is $42.55, while in the United States it is but $24.16 per head. Yet as this is nearly two and a half times the average total for the civilized world, it ought to be quite satisfactory.—The average of the world is about $10 per head of population. This does not represent the amount of money value distributed in property, but the actual amount of money in active circulation in the civilized world.

The total in the thirty-nine countries given in the tables is about ten billions, though for some inscrutable reason China is omitted from the list. Five countries have a larger average of circulating medium per head than this. They are: France, $42.55; Cuba, $12.21; Cape of Good Hope Colony, $38.10; Belgium, $30.40; Netherlands, $26.27. In many of these cases, however, the amount of coin is quite small and the paper large. In France, however, the amount of paper is less than the gold, and less than half of the gold and silver, while in this country the amount of paper is more than the gold and silver together.

The only countries having no gold circulation, according to the table, are Ceylon and British India, having each a small amount of paper and the remainder silver.—British India has over one billion dollars circulating medium in silver, which, however, is only $4.10 per head, while the paper is but twenty seven cents per head.

The total amount of circulating medium in this country, whether in active circulation or in banks and national treasuries, is $36.40 per head, a sum in excess of that had per head by the population of any country except France. There the total is $52.82 per head. In Ceylon, where Governor Cleveland's sister has been as a missionary for years, the paper circulation is fifty-seven cents per head and the silver twenty eight cents.

A Young Doctor's Bill.

A romantic story is told by the Chicago Inter-Ocean. The charming daughter of a wealthy gentleman residing in the suburbs of Chicago was seriously ill, and finally her case was pronounced hopeless by all the eminent doctors summoned to attend her. As a last resort a young physician of the place was called in. He modestly but emphatically declared his ability to save the patient, and he was entrusted with the case. Constant watchfulness and unremitting attention were crowned with success. In a week the invalid began to improve; two weeks found her out of danger; in three weeks she could sit up, and at the end of four weeks she was well and could take long drives with her devoted doctor. He had indeed redeemed his pledge—had saved his charge. Here is the sequel:

One day, after the complete recovery of the young lady was positively assured, the father called the young doctor into his library. Taking him by the hand, he said: "Young man, you have saved my daughter. I told you that if you did so you would be compensated at whatever price you choose to fix your services. I am now ready to carry out my part of the agreement, as you have so nobly done your work." "Do you really wish to pay me my own price?" asked the young doctor, anxiously. "Indeed, I do, sir." "Then I ask you to give your daughter to me in marriage," was the unexpected request. The old gentleman was naturally a little astonished at the nature of the answer. He hesitated a moment, then touched a bell. A servant answered. "Tell Hattie to step here," was the command. In a minute the daughter entered the room. The father and the doctor stood facing one another. "Hattie," said the old gentleman, "do you feel that you have fully recovered?" "I am as well as ever, father." "Do you imagine what your doctor wishes in compensation for his services in saving your life?" was the sternly-put question. "No," said the girl, anxiously, "but I am sure he deserves anything reasonable." "But I consider his charge extortionate," was the emphatic rejoinder. "What is it, father, I feel sure that Doctor ——would not be unreasonable."—"Not unreasonable! Why, Hattie he asks that I consent to his making you his wife. What have you to say to that?" Hattie blushed violently for a minute, her little foot played with the rug on the floor, then looking up archly, first at her father and next at the young doctor, who had meantime uttered no word, she said: "You say, father, when I was sick all the other doctors gave me up and assured me nothing but death?" "Yes, my daughter." "And Dr.——took my case under those circumstances, told you he would save me and nursed me back to health and life?" "Yes." "Then, father, it strikes me that if I was an auditing committee and had to pass upon this bill, I'd argue that the one who brought me back to my health from apparent death would be pretty safe for me to be entrusted to when health was fully regained. I would check his bill O. K., and say nothing about extortionate charges. The wedding will be duly celebrated in a very short time.

He Loved Her.

"Do you love me, dearest?" she asked of her crusty old husband.

"Did you pay those bills yesterday?"

"Yes, but do you—"

"Is there anything you want particularly to-day?"

"No, but do you love me, dearest?"

"Well, I guess I do," he then cautiously replied, as he carefully placed a newspaper over the pocket where he carried his money.—New York Graphic.